



05 Jan 1917

The Missouri Miner, January 05, 1917

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THE MISSOURI MINER.

Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Mo.

Vol. 3, No. 16.

Friday, January 5, 1917.

Price 5 Cents.

M. S. M. Annual Banquet.

The second annual alumni banquet given by the students and alumni of M. S. M., was held at the American Annex on Thursday evening, Dec. 28, 1916. Dr. McRae was the guest of honor.

The banquet started off with prayer by Rev. F. M. Weddell, after which the big feed was served. After the fourth course Mr. K. V. Moll, ex-'02, and President of the St. Louis Alumni Association very cleverly called upon Dr. McRae for a speech. Dr. McRae responded with a talk the subject of which was: "Statistics of Interest to Rolla Men." After each course either a speech or some musical entertainment was rendered.

The speakers for the evening were: Dr. McRae, Dr. Ravold, Brazill, Bechart, Walsh, Johnston, and others.

The banquet was not attended as well as it should have been, but those present had lots of "pep," and entered into the occasion with heart and soul. Bills with popular songs printed thereon were distributed, and everybody sang, along with the cabaret entertainers. This was quite novel.

Before the banquet many old and new acquaintances were made, and this was a very pleasing sight to see.

Too much praise cannot be given to those on the committee who arranged and shouldered the responsibility of the banquet.

Among those present were:

N. Packman, L. Maher, L. H. Goldman, P. D. Wilkinson, L. A. Turnbull, W. H. Reber, F. H. Geib, J. K. Walsh, G. Burnet, C. B. Hummel, M. F. Faulkner, J.

A. Allison, W. Crow, M. F. Bowles, J. R. Porter, H. A. Ambler, Wm. Kahlbaum, P. B. Bohart, P. G. Forman, O. Goldsmith, N. B. Larsh, B. G. Nichols, J. M. Forgotson, I. B. Johnston, S. S. Sour, J. H. Klyman, J. R. Crenshaw, W. H. Freudenburg, H. G. Mesloh, B. L. Trifembach, R. P. Cummins, Claud Myers, K. V. Moll, Rev. F. M. Weddell, R. E. Hoffman, R. F. Rucker, Dr. A. Ravold, Geo. V. Bland, A. D. Terrell, J. D. Shanks, B. L. Ashdown, A. Wander, A. N. Detweiler, C. C. Conover, J. O. Ambler, Prof. H. S. Dickerson, Tom L. Gibson, L. J. Chamberlain, C. Bramson, J. J. Doyle, F. Grotts, G. Erskine, L. Erskine, D. B. Followill, C. E. Heinz, F. R. Loveridge, H. Ritter, Prof. N. C. Hutsinpillar, M. P. Brazill, Jr.

Basketball.

Immediately after the holiday vacation Coach Dennie had his basketball charges back in suits and a stiff practice ensued in preparation for the first game of the season on January 20. The chance for the banner basketball team of all time is at hand and from indications we are going to win all games. There are 25 men out for the team and there is not much difference in quality between the best man and the poorest man. Every body is getting an equal chance and it is the man who can deliver the goods who will get the job.

E. R. Needles, '14, who is in the bridge department of the Terminal Railway of Kansas City, and Mrs. Needles visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schuman of Rolla during the holidays.

Varsity Baseball.

In view of the fact that there is a possibility of arranging four or five games of baseball at home and as many away, as there has been so little expression of enthusiasm for the more extensive inter-club and fraternity league, it has been decided to have a varsity baseball team and experiment at least once more with the game proposition.

This decision was made due to the fact that on the disposal of the associate tickets it was told to buyers that there would be in all probability 15 to 18 athletic contests held at Rolla during the year.

This puts the issue directly up to the students.

If you desire to always have varsity baseball get out for the team and show it.

If you desire the more extensive Inter-Club and Fraternity schedule with no varsity, discuss it.

At least, everyone be prepared when this issue arises again to make an intelligent expression on it

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Trowell Club at 8 P. M., Monday, Jan. 8.

EBMEYER.

Wm. D. Clarke, '09, assistant acid superintendent Du Pont Powder Co., Louviers, Colo., was called to Rolla by the death of his mother, Mrs. Geo. W. Clarke.

R. W. Russell, ex-'05, superintendent Shephard Mining Co., Rush, Ark., visited M. S. M. Jan. 2d, 1917.

H. H. Nowlan, '13, spent the holidays with Rolla friends. He

A Story of the Green Cloth.

By Emmett L. Arnold.

"You're pretty good for a kid," said the old timer, as he raked in a big stack of chips, "but you lack experience. It takes ten or fifteen years anyhow to make a real poker player."

Byle gritted his teeth, but forced a twisted smile. He had been listening to such taunts, uttered in perfect good nature, for almost five years. The sting lay in the truth of them. He was a novice compared to the keen-eyed gambler opposite. His shrewdest baits, his best bluffs, were transparent to the shrewd judge of men facing him.

The poker game had been going on all night—it was now towards morning. At different times a dozen men had engaged, lost their rolls, and left. Only the old timer and Byle played on hour after hour. Byle had managed to keep about even with the game. He could win from the others but eventually his winnings all went to enrich the old gambler opposite, who played on and on like a machine, his keen grey eyes seeming invariably to penetrate the mask the young fellow strove to assume. There were five men in the game now, the old timer, Byle, the game keeper, and two miners. The miners, half drunk, had just come in, each with a roll of bills so big the old timer was aroused to alert attention.

"Yes," taunted the old timer, as he raked in another big pot, "poker is largely a matter of experience. You see kid, that was too big a raise; you tipped your bluff."

The kid smiled, outwardly; inwardly he fumed. After a few moments he yawned.

"I'm getting sleepy," he said, "I believe I'll get a cup of coffee. You fellows will be here in five minutes, won't you?"

"Take a shot of whisky," suggested the game keeper, "that'll

brace you up."

"No," returned the other, as he sauntered from the room, not when I'm playing. I prefer coffee."

Once out of the gambling hall he walked swiftly to a gambling hall across the street.

"Ranger," he called to the proprietor, "come into the office here." Then "give me a deck of Steamboat cards quick, and all the money you'll trust me with. Give me that thirty-eight, too. And keep still."

"Will five hundred dollars be enough money," asked the gambler quietly, as he handed out the cards and revolver.

"Yes," returned the other, as he hurriedly set about shuffling and arranging the cards.

A moment later Byle resumed his old place at the poker table, throwing on the table his purse. The game continued as before. The old timer was sitting with his back to an open door, in reach of it. It was now 4 a. m. The wild orgy of a miner's payday was passing. The place was deserted, the half dozen drunks piled in the corner snored in rhythm. The bartender lazily wiped the back bar. The crap dealer nearby droned away while a solitary "booster" rolled the dice sleepily. The twenty-one dealer shuffled his cards drowsily, waiting for a "live one" to appear. The faro dealer turned his cards listlessly, while the "lookout" nodded in his chair. At the poker table the old timer and the kid were wide awake, alert; the two miners were drunker than ever, most of their money now reposing in front of the old timer. Thru the open door the cold mountain air whistled in, a chill reminder of the great snow-capped mountain towering above the little mining camp.

It was Byle's deal. He shuffled the cards, and set them out to be cut by the miner on his right. With the cards poised in his left hand, he put his right

hand into his coat pocket, as if for a handkerchief. While fumbling—as if for a handkerchief—he shivered noticeably.

"Would you mind shutting that door, Old Head, I'm cold," he said.

The old timer turned to shut the door, while for an instant the others also involuntarily glanced toward the door. It was only an instant, but it was enough. As the gamblers again turned to the game they might have noticed that the cards were now in Byle's right hand and that with his left he was drawing a handkerchief from his left hand coat pocket; before, the cards had been in his left hand.

He dealt carefully. The old gambler opened for ten; Byles stayed, and the others dropped out. Each drew one card. The old timer bet ten dollars; the kid raised it twenty-five; the other raised sixty. At that Byle poured the contents of his purse on the table.

"Old Head, it will cost you just five hundred and twenty bucks more to see what I've got."

The old man scratched his head.

"H'm. I didn't know you had that much money."

The old timer studied his hand, studied his opponent, and just studied. He studied for five full minutes, with scarcely a move—a short eternity to the boy opposite. The kid's heart hammered till he thought it could be heard all over the room. He dared not trust himself to speak. He sat in an agony of cold fear, striving to keep his face a blank.

The old timer began fingering his money. Then he leisurely counted out five hundred twenty dollars in chips, gold and paper, nearly all his pile. And still he sat, and played with the money. A drop of perspiration rolled down the kid's face, and into the corner of his mouth. Never he thought, had perspiration tast-

ed so salty. He found it hard to breathe.

The old timer began to set out chips and money. He took his time. There was not a quiver in his hand, not a twitch to his face. His five hundred twenty dollars piled in the center of the table, the old man smiled his challenge.

"What you got?" quavered the kid.

"I'm calling," returned the other evenly.

The kid laid his hand on the table, four aces and a ten. His opponent slowly fingered them over in silence, then, without a word, threw his own hand to the discards, face down. Byle raked in the pot, and took a deep breath, his first in ten minutes. With trembling hands he pushed his chips all to the house man to be cashed.

"God, you took a long time" he reproached the undisturbed old timer.

He pocketed his money and left the hall hurriedly. The game broke up. The old timer sauntered to the bar.

"A whisky, Dan." He gulped it down. "Another."

He walked to a nearby table and sat down.

"Another whisky," he called.

He sat in an attitude of thought for some time. His thoughts first turned to the winnings he had lost, and to the interval of a long month before next payday. It would be a dull month for him; because, he reflected, times were not like they were in the good old days. The monthly miner's payday afforded the gambler his only easy money now.

"Another whisky, Dan," he called.

He wondered if it would be safe to go to the rooms he called home; and he admitted he dreaded the prospect, that he feared to face Sadie May without his usual payday winnings. He knew she would be up and watching. He wondered if she

would let him in; or would she lock him out, and tear off on a drunken orgy with one of the younger fellows, as she did that time he lost his poker winnings at faro. His mind traveled back to the days when he, too, had been young and dashing and handsome. Then, he reflected, it had been different. Women had courted him, fauned upon him, reveled in his mere favors; now it was his presents they valued. The favors that had come then for the mere asking or taking, he now had to buy. The thought brought a sour smile to his face.

"Another whisky, Dan," he called.

As he raised the glass to his lips the dreamy expression left his eyes, and he sat bolt upright, the alert gambler again. He set down the glass untouched, and wheeled to survey the poker table he had just left. Thru his mind flashed in detail the closing play. He saw the kid leave the hall for a cup of coffee, and return within two minutes, throwing his purse on the table. He saw him, the cards poised in his left hand, fumble in his coat pocket. He saw the shivver, and heard the words, "Would you mind shutting that door, Old Head, I'm cold." He saw the cards as he turned from closing the door in the kid's right hand. He saw every detail of the play that followed. He saw the tremulous cashing in of chips, and the hurried exit.

As the scene unfolded a flush mounted the old timer's cheeks, and he hung his head in shame. For many minutes he sat deep in humiliation. Finally he mused, half aloud.

"Good God, who'd think I'd ever fall for that old stuff? But who'd have thought he had the nerve? A cold deck, as sure as hell, and me cold sober."

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THE MISSOURI MINER.

A weekly paper published by the Students, in the interest of the Alumni, Students and Faculty of the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Mo.

Entered as second class matter April 2, 1915, at the post office at Rolla, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Published Every Friday.**Rates.**

Single Copies.....5 Cents.
Per Month.....15 Cents.
Per Year.....\$1.00

THE 1917 MINER.

To write an editorial indirectly pertaining to future events, or to outline a course or policy depending largely upon fluctuating times and circumstances is a rather difficult obligation especially if the surface ground is to be more than scratched and details, uprooted. To say that the Miner of last year did not have its place for improvement would be insincere—to say that its efforts to represent the Student Body were of meager fruit would likewise be untrue. But the year is past, regrets if any should be changed to valuable experiences, and successes, to incentives for greater ideals. The year is past and now it is time to arise from the night and gaze over the sea towards the horizon of 1917.

Fundamentally, the Miner should be a mirror in which is reflected the facts and activities

of the Student Body including in this broader sense the Faculty, Alumni and all directly connected with the Missouri School of Mines. However to be more than a mere picture or photograph of events a college paper should contain expressions of approval or disapproval, fair and broad minded criticisms or in other words, should be a voice of the school rather than the inanimate reproduction of affairs regardless of sentiment, ethics, politics, etc.

So far, the Miner has striven to steer between the rocks of two extremes, i. e., the intense partiality to one side of a question and the "safety first" idea to say nothing and offend no one. In this way very frequently the true state of affairs and the real sentiment of the Student Body has been veiled and consequently unknown, not deliberately, 'tis true but unconsciously and consistent with the purpose not to express too distinct views.

To begin in brief and to be frank, any mention of a Faculty member or of a Faculty action has apparently been overlooked or suppressed; their attendance at mass meeting or rather lack of attendance has received no comment save the murmur of a few, and they have been considered as distinct from and separated from the student activities. In justice to some of these men let it be said that they are firmly convinced (erroneously, 'tis true) that they are not desired at Student Meetings—and refrain from attendance because of it. In other words, what is heartily desired by the majority of the students is a better understanding between themselves and their Professors.—We believe that this desire is mutual!

Speaking of the classes in general, their representatives or class reporters have been on the job and deserve credit; however, more varied items and better written and developed notes would greatly adorn their efforts

To avoid offense, this copy is often re-written or revised by others, and all seven rules of punctuation hastily pushed into the discards.

As far as the students in general are concerned, it is to be deplored that more articles are not handed in, that men who have good ideas, self admitted, refuse to help, or to express them.

Returning to the subject proper, using the foregoing transition merely as an example, it will be the attempt of the Miner to broaden. There will be a sincere effort to publish as near as can be determined, the sentiments, the "pros" and "cons" of a fact, rather than the mere date and event.

In other words, the policy of the Miner for 1917 shall be to put forth the best paper possible, truly representative of student activities, and faithful to the student voice. "Vox populi sit supreme lex." Suggestions are more than acceptable, they are earnestly desired. The Miner will fail in its efforts, if such acts of approval or disapproval are not manifested.

The Miner, altho directly managed by a staff, is supported by, and is the property of the entire school. It is then exactly as you make it. Your lack of interest means its failure. But what is more to be depended on, your co-operation spells success. Confident, then, of your support, the Miner assures all that the New Year shall not pass in vain, but that its close will again witness all M. S. M. solidly joined together for bigger, greater M. S. M.

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 at great expense,
 Where I spend my time
 And the governor's sweat-stained
 shekels
 Pursuing such interesting
 And highly important studies
 As football, basketball,
 Pool, Poker,
 And blonde and brunette dears,
 Chorus girls and co-eds.
 I am a college boy!
 My father (slang for the gov-
 ernor)
 Writes to me often and pathetic-
 ally inquires,
 "How are you getting along?"
 And I answer him truthfully
 That I am learning every day,
 But I don't tell him what,
 Or how much.
 Why should he know anyway?
 He is merely paying the bills,
 And if he does that regularly
 That lets him out.
 —Morningside Collegian Report-
 er.

Iowa.

The students of the University
 expect to raise enuf money to
 support two camps of prisoners
 in Europe this winter. The
 money is to be distributed from
 Copenhagen. —Exchange.

Oklahoma.

Freshmen were angry when a
 member of the Junior Class ap-
 peared on the campus wearing a
 red cap, the traditional headgear
 of the first year men. The
 junior insisted that he was a
 freshman, but after much heated
 discussion finally admitted that
 the offending cap was part of
 his last year's baseball uniform.
 —Ex.

At Albion College, Michigan,
 the Student Council has decreed
 that Sophs as well as Frosh wear
 caps by which they may be dis-
 tinguished from upperclassmen.
 —Ex.

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LOCALS.

Dr. G. H. Cox, of Tulsa, Okla.,
 spent the holidays in Rolla with
 his family.

V. H. McNutt, '10, of Tulsa,
 Okla., spent the holidays with
 his wife and son in Rolla.

E. W. Buskett, '95, president
 of the M. S. M. Joplin Club,
 visited the School of Mines,
 December 30th.

James: Didn't you know that
 Profs. Dake and Duffy are de-
 fying the laws of art and grace in
 an effort to be up to date and to
 remain young.

A clipping from the "Herald:"
 Isaiah Trimmer, of Running
 Creek, was playing with a cat
 last Friday when it scratched
 him on the veranda.

Oscar Lachmend, '86, general
 manager British Columbia Cop-
 per Co., Greenwood, B. C., is
 vice chairman of the Columbia
 section of the A. I. M. E.

John M. Schuman, '16, who is
 in the valuation department of
 the Illinois Central R. R. Chi-
 cago, Ill., came over to spend
 Christmas with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cole are re-
 joicing over the birth of a daugh-
 ter, that was born to them at
 the home of Mrs. Cole's parents
 in Joplin, Mo., Dec. 21st, 1916.

is on his way from Tulsa, Okla.,
 to Casper, Wyo., where he will
 have charge of the western
 office of Valerius, McNutt and
 Hughes, oil and mining geolo-
 gists.

Jones: I can understand very
 well why they obscure the vision
 from the street into saloons and
 billiard halls, but why are the
 windows of the Rolla Dancing,
 Academy soaped up?

F. W. Buehler, of Joplin, and Miss
 Elizabeth Buehler, of Madison, Wis.,
 spent the holidays with their mother
 and their brother, State Geologist H.
 Buehler, in this city.

John Shanks, M. S. M. '06, now
 traveling representative of the Schot-
 ten Coffe Co., of St. Louis, was shak-
 ing hands with old friends in Rolla
 New Year's day.

The Rolla Herald

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 shipt Oysters, Lowney's Chocolates,
 Finest Line of Cigars, Banquet Ice
 Cream, Cold Drinks.

W. W. Wishon, '81, has been
 appointed consulting engineer
 for the Big Casino Mining Co.,
 near Searchlight, Nev.

H. H. Colley has been promot-
 ed to the superintendency of the
 mill and smelter of the Old Do-
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Around The Sun Dial.

Much to the surprise of the Profs, most of the boys were back in school Wednesday, and less than half fell asleep in lectures. Nothing like starting the New Year right.

The banquet in St. Louis must have been quite a success, from the stories we have heard about it. Putting sugar in boullion, thinking it was tea, is evidence of the fact.

Prof. Dean has no right to kick if some of the boys do not recognize him. A lip brush makes quite a difference in one's appearance.

Wonder if the guy who said, "You can't keep a good man down," was really thinking of men?

It seems as though quite a few of the boys had their vacation interfered with by sickness. Quite a variety of diseases were reported. Among them were: heart trouble, headaches in the mornings, brokitis, sprained wrists from digging into pockets for those new dimes you intended to save, and a shortening of one limb. due to contact with brass rails.

The Multitudinous Order of Post Mortemers are holding a convention in Rolla this week.

The person who said Rolla was a good place for a town overlooked the fact that St. Louis is 111 miles away.

The eternal question: "When are you going to the city again?"

A VACATION.

Leave school fine and happy,
A few rounds of shows and parties,
Abundance of indigestible foods,
Loss of sleep,
Back to school all in and discontented.

J. R. Maher, '16, civil engineer on highway work at Eldora, Ia., spent Christmas holidays with home folk in Rolla.

FOR THE
**BEST TO EAT
and Wear**
T R Y

Schumans

BOY'S

Don't Forget Smail
He Has Good Fresh
Smokes.

Nights are Dark.
Buy A Flashlight.

**SMAIL'S
SMOKE
SHOP**

IF, AFTER THE
Holiday's

You are in an unpleasant humor, sink your troubles in a game of Billiards or Bowling.

JOHNSON BROS.

G. F. Metz, M. S. M. '14, who has been in the employ of the Atlas Portland Cement Co., at Hannibal, Mo., was the guest of Rolla friends Sunday and Monday. Mr. Metz has recently been advanced to the position of Plant Engineer, which is highly pleasing, not only to him, but also to his many friends. Other M. S. M. men connected with the same plant are Ray Hoffman, Plant Manager, John Schnitzer, Chief Chemist, L. J. Boucher, Assistant to Quarry Superintendent, and "Mike" Hayden, of the engineering department.

M. M. Albertson, '11, mining engineer with A. R. Whitman, mining geologist of Cobalt Ontario, stopped over in Rolla December 25th on his way to his home in Aurora, Mo.

SENIOR COLUMN.

School has started again, and practically all of the Seniors are back on the job. The two remaining weeks of the first semester are weeks to be spent in hard and earnest, in fact, strenuous work. These last few days may sound the death knell of many a Senior's hopes, or, again, if spent profitably, they may assist in the attainment of a Senior's fondest desire—a B.S.

At the St. Louis Banquet:

Toastmaster: After listening to that stirring discourse by that famous German-American orator, J. K. Walsh, we will now have the band play that celebrated old song "The Green Grass Grows All Around, All Around."

One of the Seniors taking Electrical Machinery narrowly escaped electrocution one night this week while repairing the chafing dish for the daughter of Rolla's most renowned physician.

One of the professors has propounded this mysterious enigma: "What relation exists between the discovery place of phosphorus and chemical formula?"

Time: Saturday before Christmas.

Place: Jackling Field.

Girl: "Oh, papa! Look at that big tall man leading that little man around the track."

Moral: The front of an assay furnace is no place for a person when saturated with a fluid that may be vaporized.

Lest we forget: The Seniors are the champion basketball players of the school.

Attention! Oklahoma Miner. Yes, Bill Guest is in our midst. His social activities are confined to the Young People's Society of a prominent Rolla church. He is president of the society and fusses just ONE of the members thereof.

Rat Dale is exceedingly proud of his many Christmas presents.

Harry D. Kline, ex-'17, is with the Ray Cons. Copper Co., Ray, Ariz.

JUNIOR COLUMN.

The geology lecture room is no nice place for a gentle man to try to catch up with a few hours of back sleep. Why the chairs aren't even comfortable. But there is one nice thing about it; if the Professor once spies a sleeping beauty, he will stop the lecture until the gentleman wakes up, so a sleeper will not lose any of the lecture.

Pretty soft for these Juniors that have women friends that sew buttons on their overcoats. But be careful—you can't trust all these women all the time.

Well Mr. "Wart" Skeen is back in town again all ready to sign up as a regular student once more. Skeeney says that for one to truly appreciate Rolla, one must spend a few months down on the border.

Many of the Junior boys came back looking rather peaked—caused from over work during the holidays is the general belief.

Look-out for the next lithology quizz a week from today. Don't let the professor knock any of the boys off.

JUNIOR SOCIETY GOSSIP.

It has been reported that "Doc" Stoner got married during the vacation.

They say this little Drury maiden from St. James certainly has Tony Golick looking at the serious side of life.

Sleepers in geology Wednesday—Dawson.

"Vic" Doeling is engaged—the date has not been set yet, but don't be surprised at an early one.

Bob Massey is expected in Rolla in a couple of weeks to sign up in school.

A question never asked by a professor in final exam.—What is a "hang-over?"

Elmer List, '10, is with the Standard Chemical Co., Cannonsburg, Pa.

UNITED Electric Shoe Repairing Co.

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Missouri Miner,
Rolla, Mo.

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Inclosed please find \$2.00, advanced subscription to the Miner. It is a publication worthy the support of all the alumni. It brings to us weekly the activities of the school itself, its several organizations, the alumni, and keeps alive the interest in M. S. M. May it continue to prosper.

Yours very truly,
A. N. DETWEILER.

It's Not Always Easy—

To apologize,
To save money,
To begin over,
To take advice,
To be unselfish,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,
To keep on trying,
To forgive and forget,
To profit by mistakes,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little,
To shoulder deserved blame,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To recognize the silver lining,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.
—Railwayman.

New Books Added to Library.

Many new books have been added to the Library during the Christmas holidays. Some of them are on technical subjects, but most of them are new fiction, travel, history and general literature. Among the new titles are: "Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras," by Harry Franck, who has been called the "prince of adventurers." Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, was a lieutenant in the Austrian Army until wounded by a Cossack lance in a hand-to-hand fight before Lemberg. He tells his experience in "Four weeks in the trenches." In "Kitchener's Mob," James N. Hall gives a graphic and uncensored account of the adventures of an American volunteer in Kitchener's army. "The Spell of the Yukon" by Robert W. Service, includes "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and many other favorites by the "Kipling of the North." Other new books are "The Future of South America," by Roger Babson; John Goster Frazer's "Russia of To-day;" "A Diplomat's wife in Mexico" by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy; "A Book-lover's Holidays in the Open," by Theodore Roosevelt; and "The Rediscovered Country," the story by Stewart Edward White of his hunting and exploring journey to German East Africa. More than fifty new volumes have just been put in use at the Library, and a complete list of them may be found on the Library Bulletin Board. These books are not in the "Pay Collection" and may be borrowed without charge. The pay collection includes only new fiction; a few titles have also been added to it. All the new books, as they are added to the Library are placed on the front shelves, just inside the door. If you have not yet looked them over, it will be worth your while to do so.

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U. S. Civil Service Commission Announces Examinations For Engineering Positions.

Among the examinations which the Civil Service Commission announces will be held during the next few weeks, are the following of interest to Engineers:

Mining Engineer and Metallurgist, Jan. 16; Surveyor, Jan. 17; Assistant Chemist in Forest Products, Jan. 17, Assistant Examiner in the Patent Office, Jan. 17; Senior Structural Engineer, Jan. 23; Explosives Chemist, Jan. 30; and on Feb. 7 the following: Junior Civil Engineer; Junior Electrical Engineer; Junior Structural Engineer; Junior Mechanical Engineer; Laboratorian in Electrical Science, for the Mare Island Navy Yard; Laboratory Assistant in the Bureau of Standards.

For information as to the Salaries of these positions, and the requirements and scope of the examinations, see the Civil Service Bulletin Board in the Library.

O. W. Holmes, '10, chemist of the Kusa Spelter Co. at Dewor, Okla., was married December 26, 1916, to Miss Edith Sailer, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., sister of E. L. Sailer, '16.

J. J. Doyle, ex-'16, Geologist with the Cosden Oil Co., of Tulsa, Okla., was in Rolla during the holidays and attended the Alumni banquet in St. Louis, December 28th.

G. B. Morgan, '09, and wife, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, are visiting old friends in Rolla. At present Mr. Morgan is a mining engineer with the U. S. government.

R. Knickerbocker writes from Great Falls, Mont., wishing all Miners a Happy New Year. He also enclosed a check for his Miner subscription.

J. Crawford Compton, '09, superintendent Montague-O'Reilly Co., Portland, Ore., was in Rolla with his wife and daughter during the holidays.

Freshman Column.

The freshman class has lost another one of its members. Harold Myers has gone to the oil fields of Oklahoma to work.

Bill Baily is flirting with "Lady Nicoteen" again. He says he certainly enjoys "whiffs of the weed" again after a year's total abstinence.

The class has about all returned from the Christmas vacation. They are recovering rapidly from same by the aid of numerous quizzes.

Resolutions! Yes we make them. Not to keep them. (A Freshman, with the best intentions, always makes resolutions, you know.)

Fat Laun says the St. James damsels were all glad to see him home for the joy days.

The freshmen who did not attend the banquet at St. Louis certainly lost out. It was worth any man's money to see how Miners can "put one on" when they want to.

"Babe" Dorris has been dreaming in discript lab. ever since he came back. Wonder if he is still thinking of her back in St. Louis.

—Byron L. Ashdown, M. S. M. '16, and Editor of the Missouri Miner last year, arrived in Rolla Tuesday night to visit old friends for a few days. Since leaving Rolla last June he has been in the employ of James Stewart & Co., of New York City, contractors. We are pleased to state that he has recently been made one of their assistant superintendents. Mr. Ashdown came to his home in St. Louis for the Christmas holidays, and to attend the M. S. M. alumni banquet which was given in that city on December 28th. His friends are pleased to know of his steady advancement.

E. W. Buskett, '95, E. W. Engleman, '11; D. L. Forrester, '11; G. E. Johnson, '16; R. N. McBride, '14, and T. C. Wilson, '13, are applying for membership in the A. I. M. E. Dolman, Fernandez, James and E. A. Miller of the class of 1917 are applying for Junior membership.